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1932 / 33

THE LEHIGH BURR



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The Greeks Had a Word For Them!

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Exhibit A. Mercury —

Exhibit B. Pegasus

In the best families (or any others for that matter) that doesn't happen nowadays. Hence the United States Air Corps offers some attractive inducements to you college students for whom it has built a \$10,000,000 institution at San Antonio, Texas, where they teach you to fly and while you are learning:

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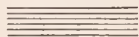
Pay your traveling expenses from your home to the new field at San Antonio. 700 men are taken in each year. The course requires a year to complete and includes over 200 hours of solo flying. Those who stay in the full year are commissioned as Lieutenants in the Air Corps Reserve.

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Should you stay three months and then resign you will receive \$225.00 cash, your round trip expenses from your home to San Antonio, and about 50 hours of solo flying.

The service and associations of the Air Corps gives its members a very real distinction and a very noticeable breadth and poise.

If you have applied and are ready to go, we have compiled information and tips giving you inside angles and dope that will be invaluable when you arrive at the field. If you haven't applied yet then by all means get our information. We tell you the entrance procedure and certain twist that make your getting in easier and quicker. The information written by men who have been thru the school covers all points from beginning to end that you are interested in knowing. This information cannot be obtained elsewhere; it is complete. Nothing else to buy. The price is \$1.00 or sent C. O. D. if you desire.



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Telephone operator: "It costs 75 cents to talk to Shamokin."

House broken, but home-sick frosh: "Can't you make me a special rate for just listening?"

—BURR—

"The day of the flapper is over," says an author.
Yes, about 4 a. m.

—BURR—

Frosh (in restaurant)—"Gee these are good beans I haven't had any all summer."

Soph (sarcastically)—"Well, where have you bean?"

—BURR—

"Now," said the frosh to his dad at the football game, "you'll see more excitement for two dollars than you ever saw before."

"I don't know," replied the old gent, "that's what my marriage license cost me."

THERE GO THE PROFITS

And here, ladeez and gentlemen, we have the three bears—the big bear, the middle-size bear and the little bear. Now watch that little bear, folks. Watch the little bear climb into the middle-size bear's mouth and disappear from view. And now, folks, watch the middle-size bear. Watch closely, folks. There it goes. The middle-size bear has crawled into the big bear's mouth and disappeared from view. Now, ladeez and gentlemen, the big moment has come. Keep your eyes glued to the big bear. Watch him carefully. Watch the big bear climb into his own mouth, leaving the cage entirely empty.

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

The Stock Market crash evidently has little affected the stork.

The gangsters had dragged the victim into their hiding place and bound him hand and foot. To further secure him and to prevent any outcry, one of the gang suggested that he be gagged, and produced a handkerchief for that purpose. But the leader waved it aside, and took from a rack on the wall one that had been used many times before on just such occasions. It was quite soiled and much the worse for wear, but they stuffed it in the victim's mouth and left him helpless on the floor. When the gang returned half an hour later they found their victim yelling lustily, and the gag gone. They were bewildered. They turned to the prisoner. "Ha! Ha!" he laughed, "you didn't think I'd swallow that old gag, did you?"

—Nebraska Awgwan.

LIFE AMONG THE HERMITS

Once there were three hermits. They lived together on top of a big mountain. One year a black horse came up the side of the mountain. A year passed and then one of the hermits grunted: "Um, a black horse."

A year later the second hermit stroked his beard and said:

"Wal, I declare, I believe that horse was white."

Still a year later the two hermits came home to find the third packing his belongings.

"Hold on, Jezebel, what're you doing?" they asked him.

Jezebel replied calmly but firmly: "I'm leaving these parts; can't stand all this argument."

—Sour Owl.

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"There, see that girl. I wouldn't even nod to her!"

"Hm, you wouldn't do noddings, would you?"

—BURR—

Old Man, to son just leaving to enter Lehigh:
 "Now you are about to have a great start. You must
 do something big to become famous. Just think of
 Lindbergh's big feat."

Frosh: "Yes, and Charlie Chaplin's."

—BURR—

Brand new '36: "Where are you going to eat?"
 Great big '35: "Let's eat up the street."
 Brand new '36: "Aw no, I don't like asphalt."

—BURR—

Doctor Herring: "Give me the number of tons of
 coal shipped out of the United States for one year."
 Freshman: "1492; none."

—BURR—

Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. O'Brien. Mr.
 O'Brien.
 Jewish Gentleman: "Vat is de initial please?"

A Scotchman was seen putting a quarter thru a
 hole in the kitchen floor.

"What's the idea," his friend asked?

"A nickel went thru the floor last night," he re-
 plied, "and it's hardly worth taking up the floor for
 a nickel."

—Tuscan.

—BURR—

Mrs. Bunk: "I caught your daughter kissing the
 ice man this morning."

Mr. Bunk: "Good heavens! Wasting time on him
 when we owe the grocer fifty dollars."

—Bunk.

—BURR—

Albert—"The first time you contradict me I am
 going to kiss you."

Jane—"You are not!"

—BURR—

"Don't you think a pun is the lowest type of hu-
 mor?"

"Absolutely, there's no vice versa!"

—Punch Bowl.



Welcome '36!



Douglass Brigham

THE LEHIGH BURR

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September, 1932

No. 1

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Editorial Ramblings

BY J. J. ROESSLE

DURING the post-war period when social conventions were undergoing rapid changes, college men in general were clamoring for fewer restrictions, greater powers of self-expression. It was in this transitional period that college publications, especially of the comic sheet variety, frequently ran into trouble with the college authorities.

The college "man," with exaggerated ideas about himself, tried to prove this masculinity by crude or bold expression. Obviously, such attempts at levity were mixed with the unnecessary attributes of indecency and obscenity. Consequently, many of the more fervent publications were either banished entirely or placed on a probationary period.

The **Burr**, through satire and pun, frequently protests against certain personalities or practices common to the campus. This expression of liberty has been confused by the more timid and conservative authorities as a radical attempt at license. The **Burr** never tries "to see how far it can go," and its new regime is ever alert to the differences existing between smartness and "smut-ness."

In Memoriam
Richard H. Eggleston
Died August 6, 1932

A Rushing Guide

FOR THE FLEHIGH FROSH

Alpha Chi Rho: Their blatant unsophistication charms the Cedar Crest belles, but, my dear frosh, after you have been here a while you too will understand why.

Alpha Kappa Pi: How the hell should I know?

Alpha Tau Omega: They took so many freshmen last year that I doubt if they will have room for any more. Their favorite amusement is motorcycling.

Beta Theta Pi: I know, but who cares?

Chi Phi: These boys love attending Chapel. Their great rivals are their hill-top neighbors; the rivalry is alcoholic beverage consumption.

Chi Psi: They wear morning coats to breakfast, business suits to class, and tails for dinner. Tea is served daily at four, with debutantes from many cities pouring, and Yale songs rend the air—the lusty voice of one F. R. G. H. heard way above the rest.

Delta Phi: Their beer parties are famous. The brothers' wives, often their children, attend all their parties. A great crowd of boys, whose only difficulty, a trivial one, seems to be stay in school.

Delta Tau Delta: A huge house, peopled with huge men. They are such nice boys.

Delta Upsilon: Hark you frosh who aspire to learn about big business. Learn, from tradition, how the great Lownie and Brennesholtz (he could never spell it himself) made people pay. Then too, they have no secrets; alas yes, they do have an initiation.

Kappa Alpha: Wrestling in the living room at all hours, and a drinking pal for any night. Frosh have been known to pledge there.

Kappa Sigma: I've heard whispers, but never met anyone who had been there.

Lambda Chi Alpha: They had two Phi Bete's last year by mistake—perhaps these two fellows were not influenced by environment.

Leonard Hall: Ribaldry, —, —, etc. are forbidden our potential members of the clergy.

Omega Phi Sigma: ?

Phi Beta Delta: Hm. Hm. Hm.

Phi Delta Pi: Vague.

Phi Delta Theta: Here hibernate the funsters, (I never could spell anyhow), and occasional literati. Rasputin had one regret in life: that he was never able to attend one of their house parties.

Phi Gamma Delta: All the Pittsburgh smokes. The boys who are never accused of shady politics, beer drinking, osculating, etc., but one of their seniors was once observed smoking.

Phi Sigma Delta: They too live on Third Avenue—wherever that is.

Phi Sigma Kappa: The largest boarding house in town. Take all willing freshmen. Nice boys, but quite strange.

Pi Kappa Alpha: Nice house, nice location, smell (spelling) garlic.

Pi Lambda Phi: Students! "A" men. Grinds. Lovers. One football star.

Psi Upsilon: Absorbs the overflow of the other campus houses, and converts all its sons to being rounders, dissipates, profligates, and you know what I mean.

Sigma Alpha Mu: For the man who does not wish to wear collar or tie to meals. The ping pong players and women chasers. Always have money, because they never pay for anything.

Sigma Chi: Athletes only need apply, others would never stand the walk to class. Grace preceeds each meal, hunger follows it. Take a trip over some time, consult a map before starting, it is so easy to get lost in that desolate country.

Sigma Nu: Here gather our athletes. House is best known as Tammany Hall, with Boss Tweed in attendance—for one more year.

Sigma Phi: They play tennis in their back yard and take walks on Sundays. I met one once.

Sigma Phi Epsilon: Simple but happy.

Tau Delta Phi: Sorry, I can write only in the English language.

Theta Delta Chi: The "hill Billies." They know every bar-tender in the valley. Cedar Crest rates them second, which is enough said for their morals. They are always drinking another glass, making another lass, and occasionally attending class.

—BURR—

We have it on good authority that the Chi Psi's have a sky blue washroom with the cutest lil' gold stars on the ceiling. Maybe it inspires lofty thoughts, eh what, Dudley?

DIDJA EVER?

Did'ja ever
 During rushing
 Date a smooth fellah—
 An' all the houses
 Were rushing him
 An' he had a V-16
 An' personality plus
 An' a sister—!
 An' ya thought how
 Nice it would be
 To have him there permanent like;
 An' ya had a meeting
 But Brother Dingbat
 Asked to look up his prep record,
 An' ya found he was
 Dumb as ———,
 So ya didn't pledge him
 'Cause he wouldn't last—
 And he went Phi Sig
 An' was bright as ———!
 Did'ja ever?

——BURR——

And remember frosh,—beware
 the "Rushians" bearing gifts.

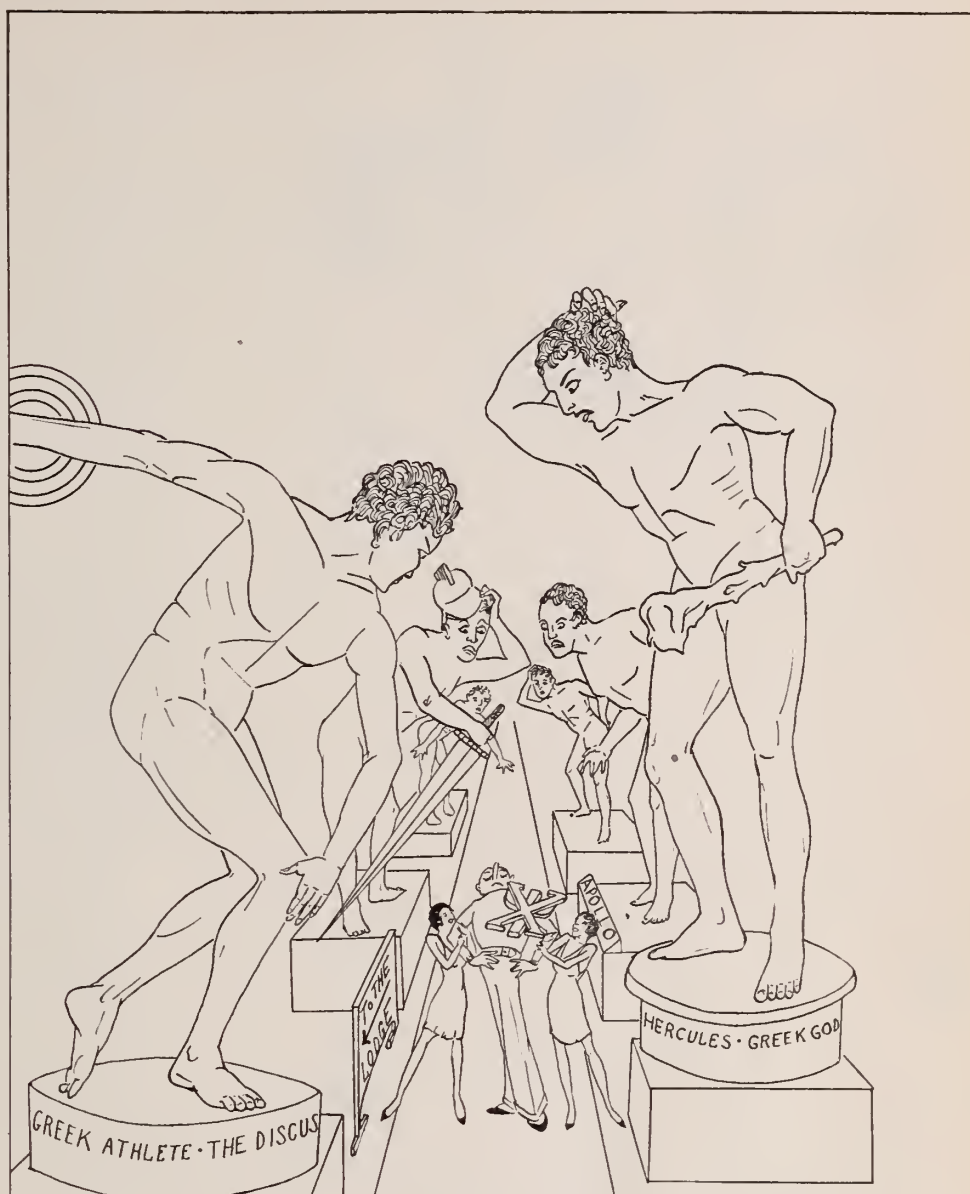
——BURR——

A WARNING TO FRESHMEN

The night was clear.
 The stars shone brightly from above
 The night was made for love.
 A sweet (?) young thing
 Came tripping across the bridge.
 The hill-to-hill bridge.
 Honk! Honk!

Horrors! — A flirtation.
 She plays her part and takes no notice.
 Much!
 Whaa——a!
 He tries again.
 With an indifferent flick of her cigar she walks on.
 Slowly.
 Boop boop ba doop!
 A resourceful lad.
 She succumbs to the overpowering '36.
 Too bad.

Rap! Rap! Rap!
 "Order in the court!"
 The scene is a pitiful one. And then judgement.
 "Fifty-two dollars and seventy-five cents."
 "Case dismissed."



The real "rushing season" does
 not start until after the boys are
 pledged — you know — "Hey
 frosh, rush this book back to the
 library, etc., etc.!"

——BURR——

NOTICE TO FRESHMEN: The proper way to
 endorse a check is simply to write your name across
 the back of it. We saw one frosh the other day, who,
 when he was asked to endorse his check so his fath-
 er would know he had received it, wrote across the
 back of it, "Your loving son, Jasper."

Lehigh University,
Bethlehem, Pa.

Deer pop;

the eats up here is good and most uv em is free. guys ass me to eat at eat clubs jus tazif i was some frale. i wonder if thees boys aint sorta like unnatural. i allas kinda thot that boys jus ast girls te eat end fer dates un stuff like. but i been carfull. better send moar money fur books etc. in a cwizz they ast me tu rite somethin a bout a lot uv stuff i never herd uv, i did not no nuthin aw wot they ment soze i rit about Uncle Zeekels funeral. better send moar money fur books and things. these eat clubs is funny. i am took in and tole wat eech bo sname iz. then i tells em a bout the brawds i gut back home and the things i cud do with em. pretty soon i am playing pool in the cellar or somethin else, anyway, in the cellar. i gess they dont want me te get away to soon like. better send moar money fur books etc.

EMMIT.



-NORMAN ELPER-
'34

Mmmm — Might I suggest the K. A. House?

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE FOR NEW MEN

Where to go:—

DROWN HALL—This is a very nice place to spend a quiet Saturday evening. No cover charge.

CENTRAL PARK—There are a lot of flies there, and a lot of other things. A good place to stay away from.

DORNEY PARK—This is pretty much like Central Park.

AMERICUS—A lousy crowd and terrible music. You are sure to meet a couple of drunks from Muhlenberg.

BETHLEHEM HOTEL—Nobody has ever been seen at a hotel dance except the waiters.

THE BRIDGE—This is passe. Ask Fred Trafford.

MORAVIAN—The ugliest women in the world.

CEDAR CREST—Next to Moravian, the Cedar Crest women are the ugliest.

MOOCHES—Always thick with Phi Gams. Stay away.

MOSERS—A place for sissies to take their girls.

CAPRICE—Nice walls but who drinks the walls?

MAENNERCHOR—Freshmen are too young.

GEORGES—There are so many places called Georges that you will never find the right one.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Rotten.

GLOBE THEATRE—Lousy.

COLLEGE THEATRE—Terrible.

PALACE THEATRE—Punk.

SAVOY THEATRE—Worse.

ROLLER SKATING RINK—The crowd is immature.

TO BED—You will feel better the next morning, and you will still have your money, your pledge button, your clothes, and your reputation.

—BURR—

Yes sir! when the Democrats selected their mascot they certainly made an ass of themselves.

—BURR—

Freshman: "Good Lord, I don't believe any woman could ever have been so fat."

Soph: "Why? What are you reading now?"

Frosh: "This paper tells about an Englishwoman that lost 2000 pounds."

—BURR—

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his back.

POOR MARY

One day Mary's mother sent Mary down to the store, saying, "Mary, here is a dime; get a loaf of bread for our supper tonight." (This was before bread went down to 8 cents). So Mary started blithely off for the store.

Half way to the store Mary met Johnny. (The plot thickens). "Where are you going?" said Johnny in an inquisitive voice. (What other kind of voice could it have been).

"Down to the store to buy a loaf of bread for our supper with this dime the old lady gave me," returned Mary coyly.

"Well, give that dime to me," growled Johnny thunderingly. So what else could Mary do but give the dime to Johnny and go back home. (That's what she did).

When Mary told her mother what had happened, her mother gave her another dime and the same instructions as before, but this time they were given in a little bit more forceful manner. (You know how exasperating children can get some times, heh, heh). To cut the story short, once again Mary had the extreme misfortune of meeting Johnny, and consequently she had to fork over the second dime, and return again empty handed. (A change in parenthetical explanations should be made to tell this story efficiently).

As I suppose you can all imagine, by this time Mary's mother was a little bit more than exasperated—in fact she was damn close to going batty. She said, "Mary, here is another dime. Now if you don't come home this time with the bread, I am going to kill you!" Mary departed tearfully. (If only Mary had a little lamb instead of a boy friend like this guy Johnny).

Mary had proceeded about half way to the store, when doggone if she didn't bump into Johnny. The usual conversation took place. Mary was firm this time, however, saying, "Johnny, you can't have this dime. If I don't come home with the bread, mother will kill me." Johnny was in no mood to be trifled with however, and thinking Mary's mother to be pulling nothing more than a practical joke, he took the dime away from her. (The wicked wretch!)

Mary, very downhearted, trod wearily homeward. She arrived: dilatory, empty handed. So her mother got out the old man's 44 and killed her. Amen.

—BURR—

An apple a day keeps the doctor away,—a shotgun is best for traveling salesmen. (Ask any farmer's daughter).



THAT WAS NO LADY — THAT WAS ME!

Zeke was having a corn husking bee or a confab or something or other over at his place one time, and all his friends and neighbors from miles around had come. His yard was crowded with horses, buggies, and a few ramshackle Fords of all kinds. Shortly after the arrival of his good friend Si, he noticed for the first time a most attractive roan, tied to his front porch. He said to Si, "I say Si, that is some good lookin' roan you got out there."

"That's not my hoss," answered Si.

"It isn't," queried Zeke. "Then I guess it must be a horse of another caller."

—BURR—

First Hunter: "And how can you detect an elephant?"

Second Hunter: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."



MY GAWD! AND SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS
A WIDOW!

VOX POPULI

Podunk.

Dear Mr. Editor:

We out here on the farm think your magazine quite ducky. I mean we really do. Junior, you must know Junior, he is one of your freshmen, sends us a copy of each issue. We have more fun reading the advertisements. They are so much better than those in the mail order catalogues which we receive. Of course we do not use your magazine the way we do with the others. No, we are saving it. We have all the issues to date, and the nabors for miles around go crazy over them. I mean curazy.

Yours for a good harvest,

Hay Seed.

—BURR—

Why did she stop modelling
and go to work for that reducing
salts company?

She got an offer for a better
figure.

Did you hear of the plumber
who was sued for breach of prom-
ise because he forgot his wench?

—BURR—

Willie: Daddy, do fish really
go around in schools?

Dad: Yes, son.

Willie: Well, who are these
"poor fish" I've heard you tell
about?

Dad: Why son, they're the
one's in that school called Lafay-
ette.

—BURR—

Mary had a little lamb,—nev-
ertheless it cost him \$4.85 for
that little.

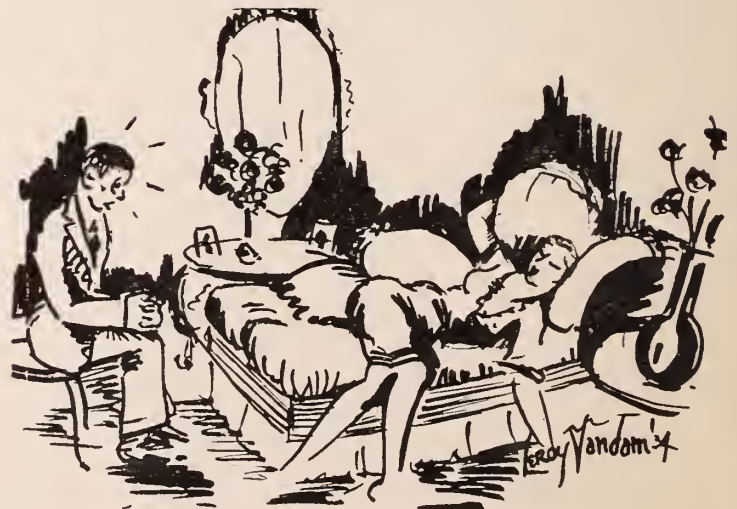
—BURR—

Eat, drink, and make Mary,—
for tomorrow someone else will
anyhow.

—BURR—

What do you think about these
"nuisance taxes?"

They're a nuisance.



AND HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A
FRESHMAN?

—Brown Jug.

The Evolution of a Letter

Sept. 14, 1932.

Dear Dad:

Since I arrived the day before yesterday I have been treated wonderfully. The Sig Gams met me at the station and all the way up the hill told me some great things that they had heard about me, such as my being captain of the high school's debating team. They say that they need a good speaker with a strong personality to represent them in the Interfraternity Council. They say that the Rho Gams will not appreciate me, but I think they will. They too, told me that they had considered me in their last meeting and had decided that I was one of the best freshmen they had ever offered a bid too. It is against the rules, but evidently that means very little.

I have made the rounds of all the best places in town and it did not cost me a dime. The fellows in the fraternities are great guys, and are so generous they make me feel as if I were imposing upon them, which I do not wish to do.

I think that perhaps I shall not need my allowance for this week but if you can spare it, I wish you would send it to me anyway in the event that I should.

Love,

Son.

Sept. 19, 1932.

Dear Dad:

I just returned from Philadelphia early this morning, where I spent the week-end with Bill Haines. He had to stay with his parents Saturday nite, so he lent me his car and made an engagement for me with his girl. She told me that Bill had been speaking to her about me and that he spoke so well of me that she had consented to spend the evening with me although she never went out with a boy she had not known previously. She also said that Bill had told her that his fraternity, the Rho Delt, had decided to pledge me because I was one of the best representatives of the freshman class. He didn't tell me this, because it was against the rushing rules. Wasn't it swell of her to tell me? She is a great girl, and I have made an engagement with her for two weeks from this week-end. Her name is Lee.

I have almost all of last week's allowance, as well as this week's, which I received this morning; but don't fail to send me next week's, if you have it, for I want to have a little on hand in case anything unforeseen should come up.

Love,

Son.

Dear Dad:

September 24, 1932.

This certainly is a great place. Today is the last day of rushing, and the freshmen received bids. I decided to accept the Rho Delt because they treated me the best during rushing.

Bill Haines lent me his car this afternoon to drive around until five o'clock. Between one and five the freshmen and fraternity men are not permitted to speak to each other, for the former are making up their minds without the influence of others. However, I arranged to meet Bill across town at 2:30. He just wanted to be sure that no one else tried to high-pressure me, or to convince me to change my mind.

We had a big reception when we returned to the house to formally accept the pledge, although it was all arranged previously. I still have money, the fellows are such great guys, but if you still have your job, I wish you would continue to send my allowance. I know that I am going to like living in this house, and being a Rho Delt, after I have been initiated. They are great buddies.

Love,

Son.

September 30, 1932.

Gee Dad, I am not so sure now that I accepted the right pledge. The sophomores and upper classmen, particularly Bill, are always picking on me. Yesterday I was severely chastised in the ancient fashion of corporal punishment because I went out a couple of nights this week. They don't seem to think so much of me after all. Maybe I should have accepted the Sig Gams; they are a nice bunch and they appeared to think that I was O. K. I guess I won't say anything about it, though.

I asked Bill to lend me his car tomorrow nite as he promised, but he says the gasket has blown, whatever that means. I called up Lee, also, and reminded her of our engagement. After I had arranged to hire a car she said that she was very sorry but that she had forgotten and had made other arrangements, which she could not break.

I find the expenses more than I thought they would be. I am almost broke, so don't forget the allowance.

Love,

Son.

October 6, 1932.

Dad,

I am not having the great time that I expected to have. I am always being bawled out or criticized. Not much to say. Could you advance me a week's allowance?

Son.

FABLES OF THE FROSH

By NORMAN "AESOP" ALPER

Once upon a time there lived in this fair land a handsome young freshman. All freshmen are handsome—just as all fablists are prevaricators. Cuthbert Throckmorton Entwistle was verily a freshman amongst freshmen. He was of the type which carries brief-cases crammed with dictionaries. On to the campus he strode, with wonderment in his eyes and vacuity in his think-box. To the folks at home he was about to unravel the mysteries of the universe, to the faculty he threatened to be another "red-appler," and

to the student body he appeared an excellent devoted "course-crabber." For three days he roamed the library stacks taking notes on books he would read beside those required by his courses. On the day of his arrival he had secured a nice quiet room with plenty of light—for afternoon studying—and had diligently studied his Freshman Hygiene. For three days Cuthbert Throckmorton Entwistle was the cherubic lad of the hymn books.

And then came the Serpent. Out of the depths of the Pi Phi house he crawled, enmeshing Cuthbert Throckmorton Entwistle in his

coils, for the snake was none other than Rollo Smithers, rushing chairman and "smoothie" of the dissolute Pi Phi Pi's. Ere the dawn had come up on the steel works, Cuthbert Throckmorton Entwistle had signed the sacred oath of the Pi Phi's and was in the vernacular "pledged," but in actuality he was "roped in." To his folks he wrote of the excellent scholastic standing of the Pi Phi's, then actually on their third consecutive year of probation for having a less than D average.

Five years later he graduated, a staggering alumnus at last, after ten semesters and four summer school terms of inebriate good fellowship amongst the Pi Phi hermits. Ten years thereafter his grandfather's demise provided him with a fortune and Cuthbert Throckmorton Entwistle presented his Alma Mater with a yearly award for the freshman with the highest scholastic average.

MORAL: AS DEAN McCONN SAYS "STUDIES AREN'T EVERYTHING."

* * *

To Lehigh there came one fall a youth who bade fair to outstrip his fellows and shine as a "man amongst freshmen." He had been a four letter man at prep school, dear old Rockinghorse-on-the Menock and was the life of the party of every taffy-pulling contest around Montclair. His sister who drove him down to register, immediately did a bit of registering herself and was dated for house parties for seven years to come. The young brother was invited to every house at school and to a couple near Easton.

For two months he was the outstanding frosh, and then came the day when he found himself friendless. Leafing through the advertisements he resolved to act. For a month he gargled with Listerine, washed with Lifebuoy, smoked four brands of cigarettes and a pipe for the benefit of his friends who "love a man who smokes a pipe," and even contracted "Athletes' Foot." Christmas time alas found him friendless—alone amongst his former pals.

Upon the forlorn youth's return his best friend told him



... "YOU'VE NOT SUBSCRIBED TO THE BURR." Grasping at the suggestion as would a soda clerk at a straw, he dashed to the Burr office where he was fortunate in finding a vacancy on the select, limited list of subscribers. The following week he received his first copy and ten days later was elected freshman class president... also varsity football captain.

MORAL: IF YOU'VE READ THIS FAR YOU'D BETTER SUBSCRIBE AND THUS BE IN A POSITION TO PROTEST AGAINST THE PRINTING OF ANY MORE FABLES!

* * *

From the farm lands of New England Allen Allyn Allan journeyed forth to pursue higher Education at Lehigh. At the same time Fritz Hassenpfeffer left Schneeksville bound for the same place. The ruling Destiny which we often call Fate threw them together in a double-decker and labeled them room-mates. Allen

Allyn Allan unused to any tongue but a twangy Massachusetts English found the Pennsylvania Dutch of Fritz Hassenpfeffer difficult to comprehend and vice versa. For weeks and weeks they managed to converse by an improvised sign language and interpretations by a Senior from Pottstown. At last the mismated pair commenced to understand each other and after a third month of their room-mateship complete understanding was reached, for Allyn Allan of Thistlewaite, Massachusetts learned to cry "Zwei Beers" and Fritz Hassenpfeffer in a slightly gut-



teral tone would say "Pass the Pretzels."

MORAL: SEVEN DAYS OF INDULGENCE MAKES ONE WEAK.

—BURR—

Mrs. O'Reilly: "An what are ye going to name the babe?"

Mrs. Mulcahey: "We'll name her Hazel."

Mrs. O'Reilly: "What! With twenty-five saints to choose from, ye name after a nut?"

—BURR—

Aviation made a mistake by starting out to call all planes "she." We now have mail planes.

—BURR—

"I'm going to the hospital to-morrow for an operation."

"Good luck to you. I hope everything comes out all right."

—BURR—

Luke—"My wife explored my pockets last night."

Mike—"What did she get?"

Luke—"Same as any other explorer—enough material for a lecture."



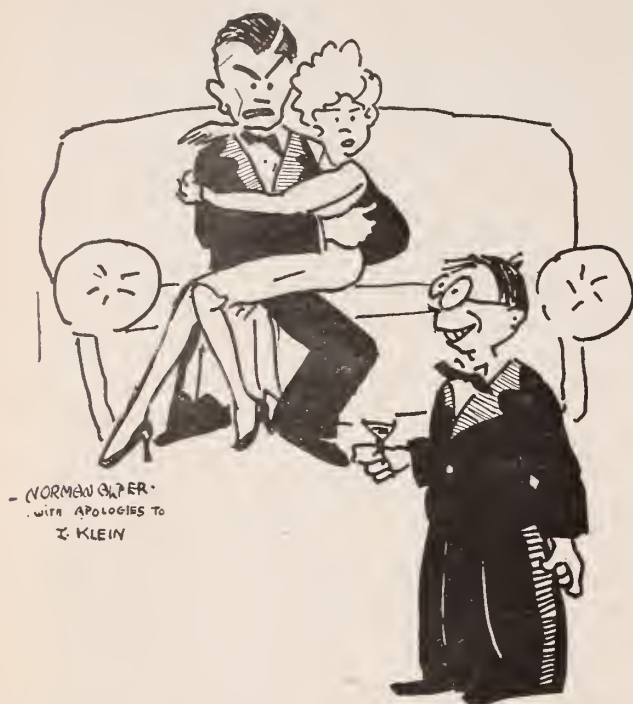
Naturally — YOU WANT A MILD CIGARETTE



WHEN you come right down to it... mildness is the most important thing about a cigarette. For it means the definite absence of everything harsh or irritating.

Try Chesterfields today... and you'll discover the word mildness and the word Chesterfield mean exactly the same thing. They always *satisfy*... because they're *milder*.





WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MISS FIDITCH, OUR
OLD SCHOOL TEACHER!

At twenty you blush when a man praises you; at thirty you think him a clever fellow; at forty you wonder what he wants.

The question is asked: "Does a college education pay?" Of course it pays, doesn't the football star always get a girl?

—BURR—

"Is your poor husband gone?" ventured the minister, seeing an aged woman of the parish had put on heavy mourning.

"Oh, no, suh, he ain't dead."

"Why are you wearing black then?"

"Well, suh, the old man nagged an' bothered me so much that I've went into mournin' again fo' mah fust husband."

—BURR—

He was leaning over the desk with his head in his hands.

"What's the trouble?" asked his fellow frosh.

"I'm in a bit of a hole," he replied gravely.

"Oh!" exclaimed the frosh, "What's wrong?"

The harassed youth shrugged his shoulders. "I've spelled Professor with two 'f's and I don't know which one to cross out."

First Bull Sessioner: "Did you have a good vacation?"

Second Psi U: "Yeh, but there's nothing like the feel of a good desk under your feet again."

—BURR—

He had just left one of his fraternity banquets and his babe wanted to hear all about it.

"Well," he said, "one rather odd thing occurred. One of the fellows got up and left the table because some one told a story he didn't approve of."

"How noble of the boy," exclaimed the girl, "and what was the story, John?"

—BURR—

Mother—"When that naughty boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back at him?"

Willie—"What good would it do to tell you! You couldn't hit the broad side of a barn."

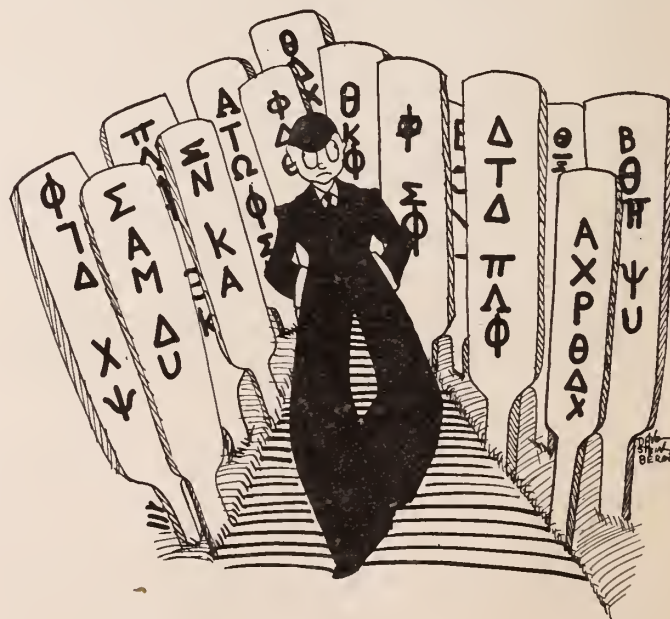
—BURR—

Harold—"Darling, don't you think this would be the right time to ask your father for your hand?"

Clarice—"It certainly is! He's sitting in the living room in his stocking feet."

—BURR—

Do we want beer? Of course we do! It would be tragic if our Silver Goblet song became inappropriate!



MID A GROVE OF SPREADING CHESTNUTS!

This Might Be a Sport Review

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

We are back, in body if not in mind, so I guess we had best mention football first. "Austy" spent a lot of time this summer working on plans, and also wore down quite a bit of grass at a neighboring golf course, shooting some wicked scores (just ask him). Despite all our hopes and usual bright outlooks, Lehigh's football team will be much the same as usual (mediocre).

Our captain, Chas. Halsted (a dandy football player and a good fellow), who had an unfortunate accident this summer while playing baseball, must not be counted on for too much, and the reserve material will be very ordinary. "Bill" Baker, "Bill" Cooper, "Ben" Fortman, "Bob" Frismuth, "Ernie" Issel, "Johnny" Kight, "Chuck" Morse, Paul Preston, the Robbs, "Mort" Stein, "Matt" Suvalsky, George Wolcott and a few others, however, may be the makin's of a splendid line we shall see. Halsted, Clauss, Short, Richter and Hader are efficient backfield men, and "Ham" Reidy of the last year's Freshman gang will be trying hard. Lehigh lost an excellent fullback when the "flunk" committee asked Bob Pethick to leave. Demarest, our last year center may be converted into a back.

If nothing unusual happens, we should defeat Drexel, P. M. C., Johns Hopkins, Muhlenberg, and Rutgers, losing to Columbia, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Lafayette, but I suppose it's not very hard for anyone to figure out such a prediction.

THIS IS NOT A BEDTIME STORY

Robert Allen George Earich Jr., the third (otherwise known as "Bud"), social senior and local luminary, is, for your information, Lehigh's most versatile athlete, in the opinion of this writer; but the trouble is he never seems to have been off probation since he's been in this gosh darned university.

A star in soccer and baseball, "Bud" is better than average at football, track, swimming, pocket billiard, bowling, checkers, et al. (and what a figure he cuts in the drawing room), but his best sport by far is golf. His miraculous scores this summer have

been consistently in the very low 70's. One day when "Bud" came home, his card said 75, so his pop sent him to bed without any supper.

EX-LEHIGH STARS: EX-TENNIS PLAYERS

Our erstwhile tennis stars, Fritz Mercur and Julius Seligson haven't exactly been burning up the courts this summer. It looks to us pretty much like the local insurance salesman is all washed up, so far as the top rate stuff goes, but he and "Gil" Hall are still quite effective in the doubles when they play. Competition has been severe in the eastern tournaments this summer, that possibly being partially the reason Seligson has shown as little of himself as he has. "Cliff" Sutter, the intercollegiate champ from the south, has been playing a remarkably fine brand of tournament tennis, and should be favored by a considerable advance in the ratings this year. Likewise Dave Jones of Columbia.

LIGGETT IS NO SLOUCH

Lehigh baseball players have been quite active in this neck of the woods over the summer months. "Chip" Dow, our diminutive moundsman, has done some nifty flinging for a Phillipsburg outfit, "Rube" Ware assisting in the outer garden on several occasions. Elmer Glick (our own Elmer) has been coming in for his share of attention in this section, as also has Tommy Burke of Allentown. Other ball players who have been around are "Mike" Hendricks, who commuted to summer school from that Pottstown place, and Frank Boquel. All Boquel ever wanted to do was go down to some girl's house and drink wine or go out to St. John's and do a Polish flea hop, consequently neither of the last two mentioned had a lot of time for baseball.

"Horsey" Liggett, outfielder and batsman extraordinary, has been chosen for honorable mention by Les Gage on his College Humor All-Collegiate nine. "Horsey," we understand it, accompanied by his ball and chain (newly acquired), has been rooting around Bethlehem for an apartment, so he can continue his studies (?) this year at the well known Bethlehem institution. Another married man for those Phi Gams!

STRANGE INTERLUDE

I dimmed the lights (mm—mm) and stole softly over to the divan before the great fireplace. The blazing logs projected spirit like shadows on the walls. The warmth and coziness of the atmosphere made my blood tingle with excitement. It was a perfect setting. Surely now was the time.

With a soft cry, much like a whimper, she beckoned me toward her. I did not dare resist. I could not have done so even if I had wished to. I was soon holding her in my arms, caressing her, and whispering soft phrases of endearment. She held me as I had never been held before. What a new and delightful experience.

She was dropping off to sleep. Ah—the more easily to accomplish my purpose. I had to do it. I could not prevent myself from going through with it. I lifted her light body into my arms and crept slowly toward her bedroom. Halfway across the room I thought she had awakened. My heart stood still. I feared lest all my plans and preparations should have been to no end. I waited. No, she did not awaken. I continued. Just a few more steps, I have passed through the door, and now I have dropped her on the bed.

Thank God the little brat was in bed at last.

—BURR—

A man learns more from his wife than from anyone else in the world—unless it be his second wife.

—BURR—

"Well, Mrs. Johnsing," a colored physician announced after taking her husband's temperature, "Ah has knocked the fever out of him."

"Sho' nuff," was the excited reply, "Am he gwine t' get well, den?"

"No'm," answered the doctor, "Dey is no hope fo' him, but yo' has de satisfaction of knowin' he died cured."

—BURR—

James B—"I started out on the theory that the world has an opening for me."

Horace C—"And you found it?"

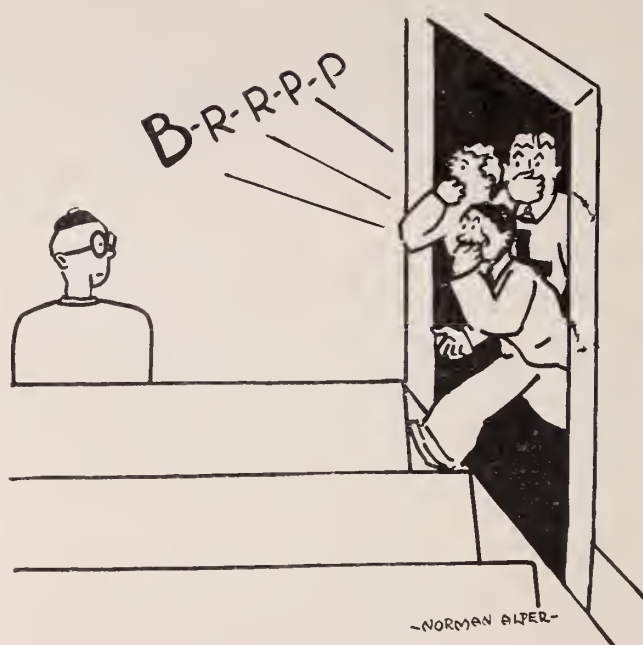
James B—"Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."

—BURR—

First co-ed: "Is anyone looking?"

Second co-ed: "No."

First co-ed: "Then we don't have to smoke."



THE EARLY WORM GETS THE BIRDIE

(Repeated by Request)

Father—"What do you want now? Haven't I just set your husband up in business?"

Married daughter—"Yes, Daddy, dear, but George wants you to buy him out."

—BURR—

Prof.—"When was Rome built?"

Frosh—"At night."

Prof.—"Who told you that?"

Frosh—"You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."

—BURR—

Wifey (bitterly)—"So you've forgotten our wedding anniversary?"

Hubby—"How could I remember it? Time has slipped away so fast and so happily that the wedding seems but yesterday."

—BURR—

Teacher (to young Jim)—"How is it that you haven't made more progress? At your age I could read fluently."

Young Jim—"Probably you had a better teacher than I, ma'am."

—BURR—

Judge—"What proof have you that your client is insane?"

Attorney—"Your honour, he thinks he knows just what his insurance policies cover."

Northern Exposure

Nome is not a great place. It's so cold that the absence of grate adds to one's discomfort and it's presence (as regards the nerves) doubles the score. But, you ask, why go to Nome? And, we reply, we were questing the all famous Nome Day Plume.

Naturally the attack was centered about the femme division of the populace, all of whom were so Gnomelike that their answer to all advances was, No'm.

Having finally been introduced into a group of intellectuals by a Nomad who has living relatives that know a jockey who rides for my great Aunt's sister's egg man, we proceeded to the town incinerator and sat about with (rather were sat upon by) some of the more cultured members of the village. One of the elites (not electric) was a swell guy who drove the swill wagon and set firth (or forth) (yes, that is wet) upon his rounds every fourth day of every fifth year. But anyway he was swell for he was the quay (ya know that is pronounced key) to the solution of our problem, being a player of football at Nome University, a lower institution of higher learning situated half way up a mountain.

This player of football advised me to run down Whitey Brown, a Green Mountain boy from the Black Hills of the blue grass region, who had also been born and raised in these parts, and now occupied himself as an attendante in the mercantile establishment of one, Gus, the blackmith. Whitey had replaced two local skirts, newly dismissed, one because she had a past and the other because she was too short to reach the top shelves.

Finally I found the kid manicuring the hoofs of the worst looking good horse he'd ever seen, being such by virtue of it's being the only horse he'd ever seen. It seems that they've been shoeing this plug daily for years in order to be prepared for the rush should the animal decide to learn about lifey lifey.

After the usual introductions I summed up my views in my own little way by saying, "Little doors," I mean "Wie gehts."

Whitey retaliated immediately by telling me that for the past thirty years he and the other boys had been representing Nome U. or U. of Nome in the annual Nome Day fracas held every year on Nome Day. They play football of a type peculiar to the locality. The size of the teams is limited only by the amount of money they have to pay the players, or, in good years, by the size of the field. Before the de-

press—(oh, I'm sorry)—A few years ago there were so many men on each team that the size of the playing field had to be doubled. With so many players there must necessarily be a simple system of positions. There is. Eleven men play the regular positions (Tateonian style.) The remainder are all backs. First there are eight backs, as one eighth, three eighth, five eighth, etc. Then come sixteenths, thirty-seconds, sixty-fourths ad infinitum.

This appears to be the ideal system, but last year the flaw became apparent. After a severe clipping, the right three sixteenth back for Nome U. was so upset that he thought his position was sixteen thirds. He divided and decided that he was a five and one-third man and therefore should play in the line. This was the beginning of a three day fight. It has been suggested that the backfield positions be denoted by characters of the Chinese alphabet.

After listening to this sort of quibble for several weeks we finally cornered Whitey and insisted on knowing about the Plume. He drew a picture of it for us on the sly, but it wasn't really on the sly. He used a piece of paper we gave him. It's just a damn feather off one of Doc Seuss' birds and it's given to the player who puts the greatest number of the opponents in bed. Incidentally, it's presented by the Nome Comber and Chambers Ass'n, which keeps all it finds and sometimes more.



NO SCOTCH JOKES IN THIS ISSUE!

More Revelations

By that Master of Passion, E. Allan Moe

A MIDSUMMER DREAM

On the sands of sunny Florida
In obedience to doctor's orders
I had not used my needle much of
late,
When twilight seemed to call me
To the haven of blissful sleep
I could no longer from my joy re-
frain.

This joy came through a needle
And entered my left wrist
(It was my custom as I told you)
Whereupon I fell into a reverie,
As I lay in Murphy's coal yard,
And dreamed a dream like this.

I wondered where the fellows
were
And what they were doing then.
As I lay in stupor so dignified,
There passes before my eyes
A hasty vague and incomplete
Vision of what's doin' with those
guys.

A recent grad is in my sight.
From place to place he seeks for
work
With a soiled diploma in his hand.
He was quite collegiate while at
school,
And though all tried to shake his
hand
He finds he isn't needed badly
now.

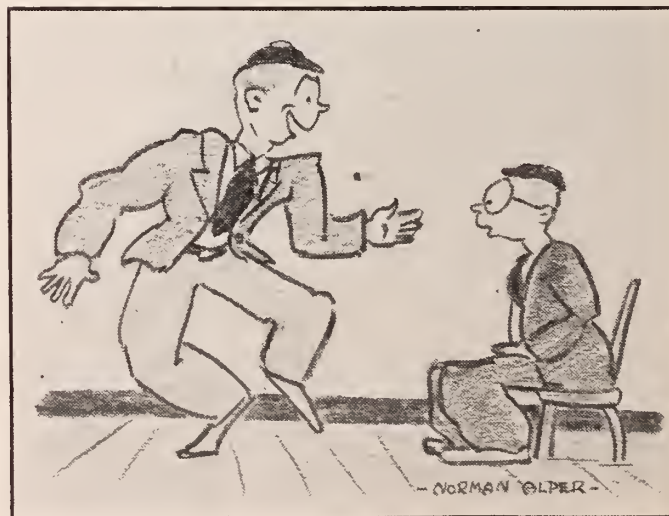
A senior next I find at work
Planning all the offices he wishes
To hold or to control the coming
year.
He also must take care of the Re-
view
And to plan the Burr and Epitome
While making place for Brother
Glutch, a manager.

A junior concentrates on loving,
And a pleasant summer would be
his
But for the rushing problems on
his mind.
They must not let the frosh go by,
For they will be the only students
With lots of funds for beer next
year.

A word about the sophomores
The most thoughtful of all stu-
dents,
Who plan dire things for wayward
frosh.
I see one sharpening hair clippers
While his cohort plans a ride
For some poor wandering dinkless
frosh.

Not forgetting the class of '36.
Those who expect to members be
Are anxious for the gala day to
come.
With brand new cars and lots of
money
They are sure to be very popular
While rushed by leading fraterni-
ties.

With a dull woozing head and
taste quite dark
And my arm in a sling again
I rudely awake to the light of day.
The watchman making his morn-
ing rounds
Had once again mistaken me
For the bum he sometimes finds
there.



— AN' A DATE WOULD DO YOU GOOD!

Father—"Tommy, don't go away, now, we have to mind the baby while ma is away."

Tommy—"Oh, baby'll stay in one place now, Pa. He's got a game he's stuck on."

Father—"What's that?"

Tommy—"He's upstairs sitting on some fly-paper."

—BURR—

Hunter: "What would you do if you met a bear?"

Novice: "Climb a tree quick."

Hunter: "But bears can climb trees."

Novice: "Not my tree; it'd shake too hard."

—BURR—

The inquiring one—"I understand that your father is ill. I hope it is nothing contagious."

The lazy one—"I hope not. The doctor says it's overwork."

—BURR—

Husband—"I have just had my portrait taken. What do you think of it?"

Wife—"Beautiful, dear. I wish you would look like it sometimes."

—BURR—

When a girl casts bread upon the water, moralizes a bachelor, she believes it should come back to her in the form of a wedding cake.

—BURR—

Landlord to prospective tenant:

"Have you any children?"

"No."

"Any dog, cat, or canary?"

"No."

"Piano, radio, or phonograph?"

"No." (timidly) "But I have a fountain pen that scratches a little; will that be objectionable?"

—BURR—

"Joe did you bring home that pane of glass for the kitchen window?"

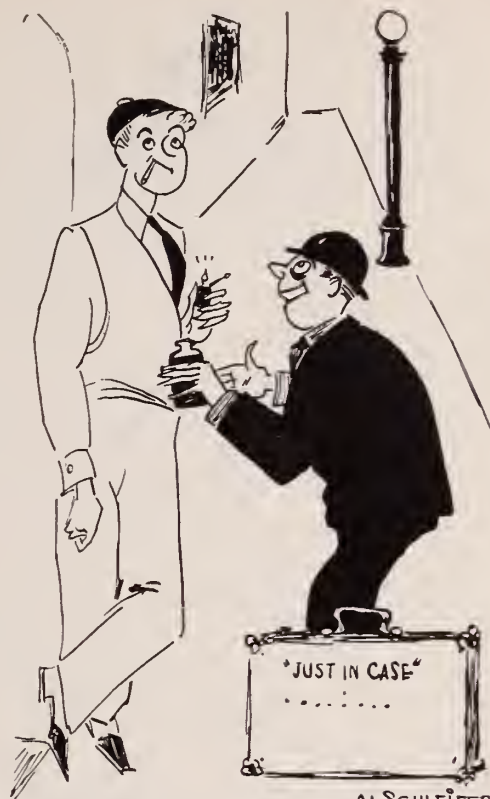
"I did not! I wanted 12 x 14 and they only had some 14 x 12."

"You poor boob! Why didn't you take it. You could have put it in sideways."

—BURR—

A SHORT, SHORT STORY

Resistance Insistence Persistence Less
distance a kiss stance Assistance Desistance.



AL SCHLEIFER

BOOTLEGGGER—This stuff is good for your nerves

—How do you sleep?

FROSH—Alone.

—Brown Jug.

Max McConn—"Name?"

Frosh (meekly)—"Jones."

Max—"Age?"

Frosh (lying)—"Eighteen."

Max—"Your rank?"

Frosh (confidentially)—"I know it."

—BURR—

Photographer—"Smile! You look too mournful."

The subject—"But I'm going to use this in my business advertising."

Photographer—"Well, don't you think it would look better for your business if you didn't look so solemn?"

The subject—"No. Who in thunder would hire a grinning undertaker?"

—BURR—

Rusher: "Sure, try one of these cigars, they're the best thing out."

Smart Rushee: "How are they when they're lighted?"

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Tuesday — Thursday — Saturday

FEATURE ORCHESTRA EVERY THURSDAY

A CLOSED MATTER

Sophomore—"My roommate fell down stairs last night with two pints of gin."

Junior—"Did he spill any?"

Sophomore—"No, he kept his mouth closed."

—Purple Parrot.

—BURR—

"Yes, she is engaged to an Irishman."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, but I think he pronounces it O'Reily!"

—Log.

—BURR—

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow all three may be illegal.

—Annapolis Log.

—BURR—

A boy was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked the pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the boy, "and we stopped under a tree to rest. After a while I kissed her. "That's nice," she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her on the cheek and squeezed her and she said: "Oh, boy! You can have anything I got." So I took her bicycle.

—Caveman.

—BURR—

Here's one thing that Luther Burbank didn't try, said the boy as he crossed his legs.

—Texas Longhorn.

GOT CHANGE FOR A HALF?

"I saw in some paper that in out-of-the-way corners of the world the natives still use fish for money."

"What a sloppy job they must have getting gum out of a machine."

—Reel.

—BURR—

"Dis cow won't give no milk."

"Dat's too bad. Ain't dere no udders?"

—Bison

—BURR—

He: Only a mother could love a face like that.

She: I'm about to inherit a fortune.

He: I'm about to become a mother.

—Bean Pot.

—BURR—

A man wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on a bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully.

"I am," she replied.

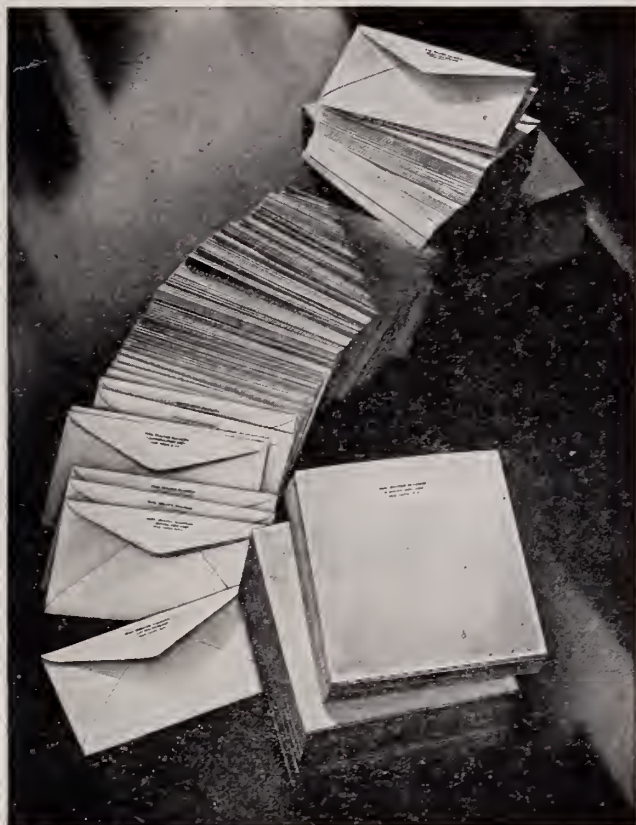
—Tennessee Mugwump.

—BURR—

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.

—Green Goat.

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50% Bigger THE NEW "450 PACKAGE"

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150 Envelopes . . Formerly 100

450 Pieces . . . Formerly 300

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Name and Address*

\$1.00
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Here is \$1 for a box of "450 Stationery," to be printed and mailed as shown below. (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.)

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Address _____

DANGER!

GIRL'S NUMBER AHEAD!!

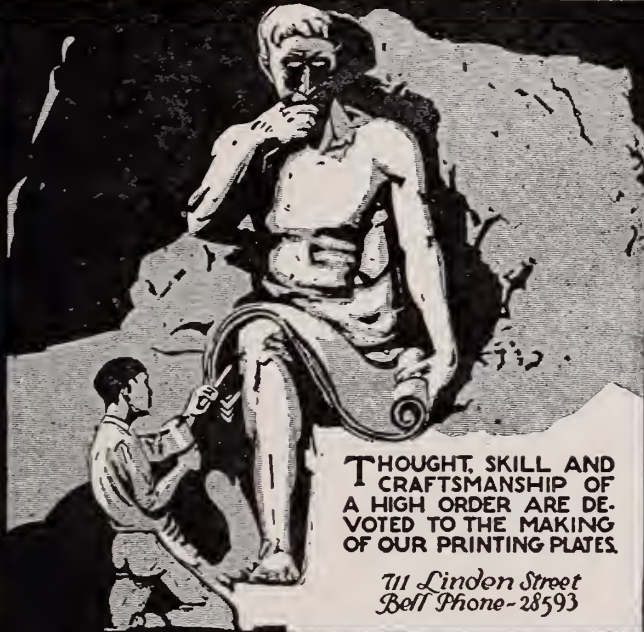


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presented next month
in a novel and illuminating
manner!*

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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

At a certain performance of "Faust" something happened to the trap that was supposed to let Mephistopheles down into the underworld. He disappeared about half-way and then stuck. He was hauled up again and a second attempt made to lower him; but mid-way he stuck again. After two or three unsuccessful endeavors to plunge him into the "depths," it became necessary to let down the curtain while his head and shoulders were still sticking out above the trap. A voice from the gallery shouted, "Hurrah, boys, hell's full!"

—Utah Humbug.

—BURR—

The difference between a train wreck and a car accident is that the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman.

—Owl.

—BURR—

Cleo—You remind me of an eight-sided figure.

Pat—All which means?

Cleo—You octagon home long ago.

—Froth.

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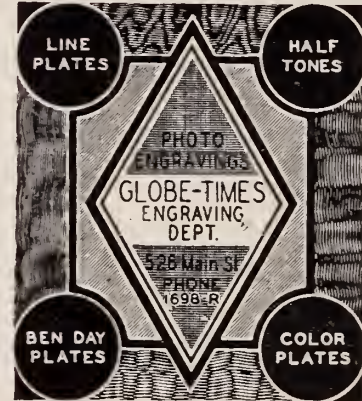
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He: Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?
She: O, John! How could you! This is lemon pie!

—BURR—

Ruth: "How do you know he was drunk?"
Doris: "Well, he shook the clothes-tree and then started to feel around the floor for some apples."
—Brown Jug.

—BURR—

Lady—"Did you take my garbage away yesterday?"
Garbage Man—"Lady, are you incinerating?"
—Froth.

—BURR—

"Mama, is that a Mohammedan?"
"Yes, dear."
"Mama, what makes him so dark?"
"Shhh, dear! He's an Unbleached Muslim."
—Punch Bowl.

Gentleman (at the door): "Is May in?"
Maid (haughtily): "May, who?"
Gentleman (peevishly): "Mayonnaise!"
Maid (shutting the door): "Mayonnaise is dressing."
(Business of falling down steps)

—Voo Doo.

—BURR—

"The only way to introduce two people is to say: 'Mrs. Casey, this is Mrs. Jones.'"
—Etiquette Hints in Boston Traveler.
— But, hell, what if the names aren't Casey and Jones?

—Voo Doo.

—BURR—

"Hell," cried the devil as he told his chauffeur to drive him home.
—Boston Beanpot.

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'32: Would you care for a cigarette.

She: Sir! I will have you know that I am a co-ed.

'32: Pardon me! Have a cigar.

—M.I.T. Voo Doo.

—BURR—

I-C (at after-dinner speaking): "My watch has
stopped. How long have I been speaking?"

Another One (impatient): "You'll find a calendar in the hall."

—Log.

—BURR—

"Shall we join the ladies?"

"What's the matter, they coming apart?"

—Siren.

—BURR—

He: People living together get to look alike.

She: Here's your ring. I daren't risk it.

—Log.

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— and the next time I catch
you washing your feet in papa's
beer, I'll knock your damn head
off.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—BURR—

I hear that the Sculptors Union
is holding out for more pay and
shorter hours.

Yeh, the chisellers!

There sure are some favorites over at our house.
If I bite my nails, I get called down, if the baby eats
his whole hand, it's cute.

—Lion.

—BURR—

"Where did you get those big, tender sympathetic
eyes?"

"Oh," the sailor replied, "they came with my
face."

—Log.

—BURR—

Freshman's parents—"Is this where Robert Jones
lives?"

Irate Landlady—"Yes, bring him in."

—Tiger.

—BURR—

Here freshman! Tear off a corner of that paper
and write down all you know.

—Brown Jug.

—BURR—

Customer: "Chicken croquette, please."

Waiter: "Fowl ball!"

—Red Cat.



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1911

Here, preserved for posterity, is an exhibit entitled: "The Younger Country Club Set, Vintage of 1911". While the choker collar of the Intrepid Motorist today inspires only laughter, it was a different story in those days of open-work roadsters. As the crowning touch of the well-dressed men, this collar inspired the envy of less smartly turned-out males—and the admiration of the other sex. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



1932

The gentleman here is wearing the Arrow Trump. Its trim-fitting, smart-looking collar is heir to all the style secrets Arrow has learned in tailoring four billion collars. Of specially woven broadcloth, the Trump comes in white, stripes and plain colors. At \$1.95, it is America's best shirt value. A companion to the Trump is the Gordon—an oxford shirt with either plain or button-down collar. In white, and plain colors, \$1.95.

Wear Arrow Shirts and you won't have to consign shrunken shirts to the poor but worthy janitor's boy. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by the Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees permanent fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered—or your money back. And Arrow fit is something to write home about. Carefully tailored shoulders. No bulging at the waist. Sleeve

lengths to suit any arm, and that *stay* the same length forever. And that snug, smart fit about the collar that seems to be an Arrow copyright . . . To be sure that you're getting an Arrow Shirt, look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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